



VOL. XVII.



REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Incidental.

MR. PRESIDENT.—Your Committee, appointed to examine and report upon all kinds of articles, both animate and inanimate, which might incidentally or accidentally come before them, from a tooth-pick up to a crow-bar, and from a bee-hive down to a cabbage-head, inclusive, consisting part.

Of Apples, Grapes, Hens' Eggs, and Game; Of Chorus, and Blinds, and Boxes too; Of Boxes, Bonnets, Doors, and Honey, &c.; But no Gold from California—

Place for Orchards.

A friend asked us, the other day, "What is the best situation for an orchard?" As a general answer to him, we would say, "Where you can raise the best corn." There is one requisite in choosing the site for an orchard, that should not be overlooked. It is this. It should be land that is well drained. Flat lands, where the water stands, however rich they may be, are improper for an orchard, as the apple tree will not flourish with water about its roots. Hence, the slopes of hills are eminently fitted for orcharding. It does not make so much difference which point of the compass the orchard lies on as many suppose, if the land be good. You will find orchards in many parts of Maine, and very good orchards too, on all sides of our hills, and on the very pinnacles of some of them. The easterly slopes, as a general thing, are earlier in the spring, but then they are more subject to south-east gales in the fall, which oftentimes knock the apples off at a sad rate. Let no farmer be without an orchard because he does not happen to live on the south side of a hill. Plant good, healthy trees, on a good, well-drained soil, and he will, by a very little care and attention to them afterwards, soon have fruit from them. While upon this subject, we will say a word about planting trees on the sides of walls and fences. We last winter lost some young trees by the weight of snow which drifted upon them and crushed them down, breaking them off near the ground. We have noticed that many others have lost trees in the same manner. In order to obviate this, it will be a good thing to place stakes around them in the fall, together with brush applied in such a way as to take the most of the weight, instead of its bearing on the young tree. By this method of this kind until the tree is large enough to resist such action, it will be saved from harm.

Tall Grass.

The American Farmer contains a statement respecting a heavy crop of grass, raised by Mr. John Fisher, of Carroll County, Maryland.

It is the grass story of the season.

One acre of the land yielded five and three-fourths tons, and one hundred and twenty-two pounds of timothy, [what we Up Easters call herds' grass] and the other acre yielded four tons and sixty pounds, half timothy and half English grass, [what kind of English grass is not mentioned.]

The land was measured accurately by the county surveyor, and the hay was weighed the second day after being cut. How much it had been dried is not stated, but probably sufficiently to put in the barn.

This is a great yield—more than can conveniently be made into good hay upon the ground, unless it be constantly stirred, in a hot sun. It shows what can be done by being "kind to the soil."

Pear Tree Blight.

J. H. Watts, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., in a communication to the Genesee Farmer for October, suggests the following ideas in regard to the blight of pear trees, viz.:—"I found that where they have been grown in land where the grass has been suffered to remain in heavy turf around them, in close, compact, heavy soil, little if any blight has been seen.

He recommends to plant the trees in good, heavy soil, and pack it around, even to stamping down, and then put leached ashes around them. Then we shall have slow-growing, long-lived, and bearing-pears trees."

By following Mr. Watts's plan, the early maturity of pear trees would be prevented, and of course the culture of this delicious fruit would be very much neglected, for people, in these steam-driving, go-ahead days, do not like to wait a life-time for their pear trees to come to a bearing state.

The blight has never been very destructive in Maine—either because those who have cultivated pear trees have not dressed and fertilized highly, or because the climate does not push them ahead so fast as it does further south.

The Editor of the Genesee Farmer thinks that the disease, whatever it may be, is disappearing from the country.

Drilling in Wheat.

The season for sowing wheat, in this section of the Union, is passed, but it may not be over, season, nevertheless, to say that it has been found that drilling in wheat is much better than sowing it broad cast and harrowing it in.

Drills, of different kinds, are coming into use in the grain-growing districts of the West, and those who have used them are well pleased with their work.

There is not only a saving of seed, but the work is done quicker, the grain grows better, and if it be winter wheat it is not so liable to be winter killed, as the ridges made by the drill, crumble down by the action of the frost in spring, and protect the root. We throw out these facts for the farmers of Maine to think of during the leisure season. Perhaps some of them may be induced to try the drill another season.

POTATOES ON WET LAND. As fine potatoes as we have seen this year were raised on a low and wet piece of land, on the farm of Mrs. Joanna Rowe. The place where they were planted had been considered incorrigible and worthless, from its low situation and the boggy character of the soil; but it was thrown up into a sort of bed, with places for the water to run off, and the potatoes planted without furrowing. The yield is very large, and the potatoes do not rot, as is the case on a higher piece of land. [Belfast Journal.]

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING,

OCTOBER 25, 1849.

NO. 43.

Young Nursery Trees. Plant Lice.

Mr. Editor: My young grafts were suffered greatly this season by attacks of hosts of lice on the growing and most tender leaves. They surround the upper end of the growing stem and seem to poison it, making the whole scion and the leaves turn of a dark color. Is there no remedy but to crush the lice with one's finger? I am not aware that you have recommended any certain specific. Many of my young scions were deprived of one-half their growth, and I suppose, of life, by the multitudes of lice upon them. Is there no remedy for this evil?

Yours truly, J. B.

Portsmouth, Sept. 28th, 1849.

The Aphides or plant lice, are very destructive in some seasons to young nursery trees. In dry summers they prevail most. Various articles have been recommended as a remedy. Strong soaps, suds, of whale oil, are good, and it may be good as anything.

But the article that we have used in our nursery this season is tobacco-juice. We took some cheap, strong tobacco and steeped it in boiling water till we thought it strong enough, the color of the liquor being quite dark. We then took an old milk pan and filled it half full—and while one man held it another dipped the tops of the scions into it, wetting thoroughly both sides of the leaf.

This dipping killed a great many—probably all that were thoroughly wet with it—but some few were afterwards discovered on the tipped leaves, and the liquor was made still stronger, as strong as the tobacco would make it. With this liquor all the tops were made quite wet, and very soon all a stop was put to the lice. All were killed.

Afterwards the scions were watched to see if

the tobacco would have any bad effect on them,

but no injury seemed to have been done.

The scions that had turned black, and many that were

dead for five or six inches from the top, revived

and grew quite thrifly.

But says the reviewer, Mr. Emerson should have looked at Englishmen in their hundreds, as they

poured from the great manufactories; and in their thousands, as they assembled at their political

meetings, and pale, and benighted forms,

was the immensely preponderating rule.

He should have taken a tour in Sotomsetshire, and lifted a few lowly lathees, and he

would have seen that Englishmen are not plump.

"Enjoying vigorous health, they last well," &c.

The average duration of life amongst the working classes of England—the most numerous classes—is estimated at about twenty-eight years;

the duration of the aristocracy is estimated at forty-six. After this we think that every American will be satisfied that his countrymen are spare, and that his fields are finished only with the plough.

SPECIES, upon its arrival at any of our ports, passes from the vessel to its consignees, without any public demonstration, or any one's knowing anything about it. But in England they "manufacture things differently," as Lawrence Sterne has it. The last London News has a large engraving representing the arrival of \$600,000 of California gold and two millions of Mexican dollars at the Bank of England. It was taken from Portsmouth to London by special train, and transported from the London Bridge terminus to the Bank in fifteen vans, escorted by Police. Upon its arrival a large number of ladies and gentlemen, pickpockets and loafers, were present to gaze at the heavy laden trains, and see that they were all right—the police arranging themselves around the wagons, as if they feared some hungry persons present, might suddenly slip a bag of dollars or of gold dust unperceived into his pocket. The receipt of this sum at the Bank of England occupied nearly the whole day. On the same day four hundred thousand dollars in gold bars, on account of the Russian government—making the whole amount of gold and silver received into the vaults of the bank in a single day—something over three millions of dollars. [Lowell Journal.]

[Mass. Ploughman.]

Point of the Horse.

A point of great importance in the fore-leg of a horse, is the proper setting on of the arm, which should be strong, muscular and long. To the length of this part in the hare, added to the obliquity of the shoulder, she can extend her fore-parts farther than any other animal of her size; in fact, she strikes nearly as far as the greyhound that pursues her, by the help of this lever. The proper position of the arm of the horse, however, is the result of an oblique shoulder. When issuing from an upright shoulder, the elbow-joint, the centre of rotation here, will be inclined inward; the horse will be what is termed "pinned in his elbows," which causes his legs to fall powerless behind his body. A full and swelling shoulder is one of the most valuable points in a horse, for whatever purpose he may be required.

If sportmen were to see the king of a horse dissected, they would pay more attention to the form and substance of it than they generally do. It is a very complicated joint, but so beautifully constructed that it is seldom subject to internal injury. Its width and breadth, however, are great recommendations, as admitting space for the attachment of muscles, and for the accumulation of ligamentous expansions and bands, greatly contributing to strength. The shank or cannon bone, can scarcely be too short. It should be flat, with the back sinews strong, detached, and well braced. This constitutes what is called a "wiry leg." Round legs are almost sure to fail.

As to the size of a horse, it may be remarked that no very large animal, has strength in proportion to its size. That the horse has not the power of a horse, as it is called, to move quickly, is one of the most valuable points in a horse, for whatever purpose he may be required.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMER, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1849.

Effects of Modern Improvements on Barbe-
rous Nations.

We have no doubt that the modern modes of travel and of communicating intelligence, such as railroads and electric telegraphs will, ere many years, be the means of making us acquainted more thoroughly with hitherto unexplored countries. But it may be asked, how can these be established in such countries until they have been explored, and the people become somewhat civilized? They cannot be; and yet the facts of their existence, and the great advantages they give in the civilized parts of the world will increase the desire and hasten the construction of them in what are now comparatively benighted countries. Take Africa, for instance, a part of the globe respecting which but very little is known.

The coast has been explored, but the interior is even yet a sealed book—a mystery, a riddle. But the seal is being broke. First, the steamboat is put in requisition, and can rapidly freight and passengers up and down the coast, without waiting for tides and winds, or heeding calms. This has already facilitated the examination of some of the rivers—has increased the settlements of civilized men in different sections. From these germs the other improvements will spring up, and it is not impossible that ere the next half century has passed away, Africa will have her deserts and her oases, her valleys and fertile plains traversed by the locomotive, and threaded by the wires of the magnetic telegraph. In this way a new world will be opened to us, and the riches which now find their way from the interior to the markets on the coast by the slow and uncertain operation of Caravans, will be swiftly borne from mart to mart by the iron horse, which, regardless alike of blizzards and piercing cold, dashes along its course with the speed of a meteor, bearing more than all the canals of Arabia could hit.

There can be no doubt that Africa is immensely rich in resources, and that there is more intelligence, and a greater perfection of the arts, among some of her tribes, than many suppose. It is generally thought that she is peopled by negroes only. This is not the case.

Reports from occasional travelers who have penetrated into Central Africa prove that there are many tribes and nations there found that are very different from each other.

A missionary by the name of Bowen, sent by the Missionary Society into Central Africa, has succeeded in obtaining much information of that country, and sent home an account of it. He divides the people he met with into Negroes, Fellahs and Arabs. These Fellahs he describes as being an intelligent, enterprising race, of an olive or brown color, with European features, and long, soft hair. He thinks the negroes do not form one-half of the population of the continent of Africa. He describes their agricultural operations as being first rate, in many places producing corn, millet, rice, wheat, cotton, yam and fruits in great abundance. In manufactures, too, are included iron tools, gold chains and other trinkets of good workmanship, gunpowder, cotton cloth in abundance, saddles, maces, boots, &c., &c. They smelt the iron from the ores, the gold is dug from the mines, or collected from the sands of the rivers.

He also speaks of the cities of Central Africa as being of immense size, surrounded by walls of thirty or forty miles in circuit. The markets in these cities are of great size, and filled with every commodity, and the commerce surprisingly extensive, and carried from city to city by immobile caravans. These are the requisite for profitable railways and all the modern improvements in the modes of safe and speedy intercommunication between man and man, and the several markets that he desires to visit. In comparatively a few years the first links of a chain will be constructed, which will connect these now almost unknown cities and regions of the continent with its shores, and thence with all parts of the world.

In proportion as these advance, so will the tribes and nations emerge from heathenism and barbarity to the light of knowledge and civilization."

A New Road. We learn from the Gazette that, after mature deliberation, the County Commissioners have decided not to discontinue the proposed new road from Hallowell village to the Cross Roads; the road therefore must be built, and the sooner it is completed the better will it be for all interested. By this route Winthrop Hill in the village, one of the most difficult that we know of, and dreaded by all travellers, and Longfellow's Hill about two miles back, which is almost always bare in the winter, and a perfect quagmire in the spring, will both be avoided; the greatest rise being from Front to Middle streets. The Gazette says that "the new road will be nearly level from the Cross Roads to Central street, and if properly made will be one of the easiest roads in the county. Besides its advantages in this respect it will be an excellent winter road, passing as it will along a valley where the snow will not be likely to drift badly, and so located that it will not have so much exposure to the sun, as has Winthrop hill. The increased distance will be trifling compared with its cost of travel."

LARGE CROP OF BEETS. We have received a bushel of nice and large blood beets as a specimen of the crop raised by Mr. Turner of the Insane Hospital in this town. Mr. Turner raised this season one hundred and sixty bushels of these beets on fifty-six rods of land.

CONVICTED OF ARSON. At the Supreme Court now in session in this town, John Shaw was convicted of arson, on the charge of setting fire to the barn of Joel Savage, in Sidney, on the night of the 4th of April, last.

GOOD POKE. We would acknowledge the receipt of a goodly slice of Pork steak from the new market room of Welcome M. Ladd of Winthrop—just opened in the corner of "Gould's Block." It made the saw dust slide down with a good relish, and gives us strength to recommend this market to the hungry.

THE BIGGEST APPLE. Our neighbor of the Hallowell Cultivator has big apples—why, friend, just call in to Richardson's confectionery shop, in Winthrop, and look at one them which weighs 151 ounces, and girth 12 inches good. It grew in Winthrop, and goes by the name of Longfellow's Cat Head.

[Boston Journal, Oct. 19.]

Things in California.

The papers are now flooded with letters from California, and matters relative to that region and its mines are occupying a large share of public attention. These letters, taken together, coming from persons of different mental organization and physical temperament, and under all the various circumstances of California life and luck, may afford a pretty fair index to the actual state of affairs there, so far as it is ascertained by the few weeks' or months' experience and observation of the emigrants. It appears that some who have gone there have accumulated fortunes in a very short time, occasionally by gold digging, but, other by successful speculation; while many have been grievously disappointed, are poor, toil-worn, discontented and sick. What will be the end of that undue excitement, or the fate of the multitudes that are now flocking therewith, with raised expectations, time will determine. In New England the fever of emigration is still strong as ever, and from almost every port we hear of vessels being fitted out for the gold country. It is not merely the surplus population that is being conveyed away by this stream, but it is often carrying off some of our most substantial citizens, men who are now in good situations, and whose business prospects here are as bright as any. Young men of intelligence and business habits, who can command the best situations at home, and old men, or those who have passed the meridian of life, who have families, and some of whom are now enjoying a competence, are anxious to embark their fortunes in this new enterprise.

From the circumstances of the place, California must, for months to come, be exceeding liable to speculations and changes. In this lottery, some will draw prizes, while others will be ruined. And happy will it be, if these losses do not extend to character and to health. From present accounts who can predict the actual condition of things there, in six months or a year from this time? For one on the ground, it is now almost impossible to keep the run of prices, so rapid are the changes constantly going on. On some articles of merchandise immense profits have been realized, and on others there have been ruinous losses. An intelligent gentleman at San Francisco, in a late letter to the N. Y. Post, says that was stated that the great epidemics, plague, yellow fever and cholera, have never yet invaded the regions south of the equator.

The Round Islanders dispersed. The Round Islanders, whose mysterious projects have been the subject of so much speculation in the newspapers, were flocking to New Orleans and Mobile at the latest dates—a sorry set of vagabonds, and heartily sick of their folly. They were turned loose without a cent.

A ten pound cannon ball was recently dug up in the western cemetery, Portland, supposed to be one of those sent ashore by the British when the town was burnt in 1775.

Daths in Portland. The number of deaths in Portland for the six months ending September 30, 1849, was two hundred and seventy-eight.

Drunkenness. The Portland Transcript says that over 25 cases of drunkenness have been before the Municipal Court in that city since the present month began.

The Emperor of Hayti. The black emperor of Hayti does not wish to be at all behind his brother monarchs of the Old World in any of the trappings of royalty. He has recently sent to England for a splendid crown, and to France for a gorgeous throne for himself and empress, which is to exceed in grandeur those of the oldest courts of Europe. The emperor's salary was established at \$150,000 per annum, to which \$50,000 has been added as pinc money for the empress. Two orders of knighthood have been established for the honor of the newly created nobility.

Deaths by Cholera in Boston. The number of deaths from cholera in Boston has been 611, namely: in June, 8; July 52; August, 418; September, 133. Of these, 379 were Irish, and 69 of other foreign nations; total foreigners, 448; leaving 163 deaths among the native population.

Calfornia Gold. The whole amount of California gold received in the mint in Philadelphia is said to be a sum of nearly nine counties in Ohio, the total number of hogs in 1848 was 1,336,367, and is 1,410,377 in 1849. In the same, the number of Beef cattle was 637,284 in 1848, and is 685,248 in 1849.

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Franklin County Agricultural Society. We see by the reports in the Chronicle, Banner, &c., that the Cattle Show and Fair of the Franklin County Agricultural Society which was held at Farmington on the 3d and 4th inst., passed off, as an old friend of ours used to say, "very hilariously." The editor of the chronicle in his remarks says:

"The Show presented a fair quota of animal marvels, and which were some magnificently mounted specimens—large, well formed, smooth and glossy from the fat pastures of Franklin. The array of vegetable specimens was meager in quantity but unsurpassed in quality.

Mr. Calhoun writing a book. John C. Calhoun, it is announced, has devoted the past summer to the preparation of a Treatise on the Elementary Principles of Government and the Constitution of the United States.

Hon. Thomas B. King. From a late letter from San Francisco, we learn that this gentleman has recovered from his severe attack of sickness at that place.

Death of Professor Colton. This gentleman who was at the head of the mathematical department of Hamilton College, died on Thursday night, of last week, of dysentery.

Monument thrown down. The Skowhegan Clarion states that "the monument erected at Old Point, Norridgewock, to the memory of the Jesuit, Father Rasilus, was thrown down a short time since, by some worthless scamps, who deserve to spend the remainder of their lives in the State Prison." We hope this monument has been thrown down once before. The citizens of Norridgewock have passed resolutions condemning the perpetrators of this outrage, and expressing the hope that they may be detected and punished, and that the monument may soon be replaced.

Rev. Daniel Campbell, formerly a lawyer in Winthrop, died very suddenly, says the Christian Mirror, at Oxford, N. H. where he was settled as a minister, in the 11thinst. He took tea with his family, led his devotions in the evening, then laid down in his bed and died in a moment. His age was 70.

Collision. We are informed by Mr. Charles Dow of this city, that the steamer Kennedy, Capt. Flowers, from Bangor, came in contact last evening, about half-past nine o'clock, of Morgan, which is situated on the river. The former, as we learned from Mr. Dow, was bound for Boston, and was on board the steamer, as follows: The pilot of the boat saw the sloop some distance ahead, running as near as he could judge, about a point and a half on the bow, a course which would have cleared the boat nearly a quarter of a mile. When the steamer was nearly up to him, he put his helm hard down, and huffed up in the wind, bringing the sloop directly across the steamer's bow. To prevent striking him, the steamer's helm was put starboard, hove to, and then, as the sloop ran alongside, to the windward of the steamer, where she lay for about half an hour, until she could be got clear, running as near as the tide would allow, as there was a rough sea on, and the wind blowing fresh. The captain of the boat was slightly damaged. Capt. Flowers ran alongside of the sloop to the windward of the steamer, and struck her, causing a rent in the hull, which was put away. The sloop got clear of the steamer, and found herself, just as she had been damaged, Capt. Flowers ran alongside of the sloop to the windward of the steamer, where she lay for about half an hour, until she could be got clear, running as near as the tide would allow, as there was a rough sea on, and the wind blowing fresh. The captain of the boat was slightly damaged. Capt. Flowers ran alongside of the sloop to the windward of the steamer, where she lay for about half an hour, until she could be got clear, running as near as the tide would allow, as there was a rough sea on, and the wind blowing fresh. The captain of the boat was slightly damaged. Capt. 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The Bluse.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE PRENTICE.

"Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And then we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the green fields of air,
And the boughs of our boyhood's wish
To rove like angels there!

There were dreams of gladness
As we lay around the past—
And from the touch of teething
Old thoughts came thronging fast—
The forms we saw so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Those glories and those heavenly
For such a world as this!

Whose dark, sultry eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,

And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring of the year—
Like changed gleams of April,
They followed every one;

Like the bright buds of summer,
They have fallen from the tree;

Yet 'tis a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening,
To see such as they,

And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast;

That the fair ones whom we love,
Gave to each living heart

Like models to the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of those
In the soft and gentle spring;

When the roses are waving 'er us;

And the flowers are blossoming;

For we know that winter's coming

With his cold and stormy sky—

And the glorious beauty round us

To baffle not us die!

The Story-Teller.

From the N. E. Washingtonian.

THE COUSINS.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY ROSALIA FLORIANA.

"Come, cousin Anthon, go with me to the Theatre to-night. There are to be several new plays; it will be a grand exhibition, well worth witnessing!"

"No, my friend, you know I cannot sanction any institution so deeply dyed with vice as the Theatre."

"Well, go just half-way then, to Altenden's, and take a glass of blushing wine to cheer up your spirits, for really you are getting too serious of late—you can at least do that."

"Again, dear Clarentius, I must refuse; for I endeavor to act conscientiously. I think now you will better accept my invitation and remain at home and keep our company till the store is closed, and then we will read together and enjoy a lively chat."

"That is too dull amusement for me when there are pleasures so much more enchanting to be found abroad. But I do wish you would come with me this evening, and I have not the shadow of a doubt that you would be so delighted, you would soon become my constant companion."

"Nay, Cox,—my word once pledged cannot be broken. You know I am decidedly opposed to theatres, drinking saloons, and everything else of a kindred nature."

"Well, then, if you are not to be influenced, I must go alone; so good evening, and a merry time to you, shut up here behind the counter."

Having thus introduced the subjects of my narration, allow me to digress a little, and give you a brief extract from their previous history.

Anthon Bloomingdale and Clarentius Mervidon were cousins, as you have doubtless ere this concluded. The striking contrast in their characters portrayed in the above conversation, was no greater than in their personal appearance, though in some respects there was a wonderful resemblance. The jet black eye of Clarentius flashing wildly, betrayed the restlessness of the spirit within, and his dark auburn locks fell over a brow lit up with sparkling intelligence. While the light brown hair of Anthon was combed smoothly back, indicating precision and neatness, and exhibiting a fair open countenance beaming with truth and lofty principle, and his soft hazel eyes were but the windows of the soul, through which shone the love and gentleness that reigned there; o'er his features played the light of a noble intellect, a heavenly serenity was enthroned in the fair bride was heightened by her modest dress of purest white, and the countenance of her innocent bridegroom shone with a blissful radiance.

The constant piety of his devoted parents had been a bright light in his path, luring him on wisdom's pleasant way; daily had their prayers ascended to the Almighty One for their idol Son. The watchful eye and faithful training of the father, blended with the judicious instructions of the tender mother had instilled into his mind the pure principles of virtue and truth, and infused a love for the strictest morality; thus he was early fortified against the wily temptations of the ensnaring world; and in his boyhood's days were the yearning hearts of dear friends made glad by the yielding of His to the Savior. O what tears of joy stole down the cheeks of that kind father and that fond mother, as they clasped in their arms their only son, rejoicing at the foot of the Cross, and saw him numbered with the humble disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. With the Christian armor thus girded on in the spring-time of his existence, he went forth amid the busy scenes of life, to brave its opposition, encounter its dangers, breast its ever-changing tide, and conflict with its evils. Not so with Clarentius; parental authority had spoilt his temper and disposition in his early childhood, and he had now become a rash, impetuous youth, whose every wish must be gratified, and by whom the healthy virtue of self-denial was little studied, far less practiced.

With characters differing so widely, the cousins were placed together in a store, in the grand emporium of America, and became room-mates.

The one gaining strength and true manliness by resisting the deceitful temptations of the city, the other becoming a willing slave to the impulse of the moment, and ne'eraring fast the vortex of ruin. Little dreamt they, as they separated that evening, of the adverse scenes before them.

Long waited Anthon in his lonely room the coming of his friend, whom, with all his faults, he tenderly loved; whose reformation he ardently desired, and for whose conversion and salvation he had often fervently prayed; the midnight hour had arrived—the clock struck nine—two-threes—and ye he came not. The morning dawned and his footstep was not heard, day rolled by and no tidings came. Thus day succeeded day, and months glided by; yet nought was heard of the lost. Pognant was the grief, heart-rending the anguish of his fond parents and kindred while they sought for him carefully,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Sabbath Reading.

DEATH.

BY MISS PARDOE.

This is a world of care,
And many thorns upon its pathway lie;
Weep not then, mother, for your food and fair;
Let the young die!

Jays are like summer flowers,
And soon the blossoms of their beauty fall;
Clouds gloom o'er bath; brief are both the hours—
Death ends them all!

This is a world of strife,
Of feverish struggles, and anxiety,
And blighted enterprise—then what is life?

Let the strong die!

All human life is vain,
And human might is but an empty sound;
Power both of mind and body bringeth pain—
Death is its bound!

This is a world of wo,
Of heaviness, and of a anxiety;
Why cling we then to evils that we know?

Let the old die!

Wrestlings with fell disease,
Vain lamentations o'er depred years;
Is not age with these?

Death drives all tears!

This is a world of pain,
There is a "better land" beyond the sky;
A humble spirit may that portion gain—

Let the just die!

Let let those shrill with shriek,
Whose days have been of evil, let them find,
While all their earthly hopes are withered,
Despair behind!

Let them implore for aid,

A finer record of their years to give;

And leave on His who mercifully made

The sinner live!

The Empty Cradle.

"The mother groans in tears and pain,
The flowers that she most did love,
She knew she'd find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greeness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heaven ly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of her departure seems to bring her spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all the hard passages and cares of life. The world to her is no longer with heavenly love and joy. She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchaste heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the fair brighter hopes now dawning upon her day-dreams. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little tot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shade necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head resting on the breast of the Savior. And she knows her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that book—to her emphatically the book of life—now lying closed on the toilet table, which she daily reads, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"There's More, an easy crook,
There's many an empty bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light are fled;

For thick in yonder graveyard
The little hillocks lay—

And hundreds of sweet blossoms

Are gathered there to-day.

The True that never Dies.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will wait all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live long the tree was the last."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything."

"Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or flower. Oh, I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

"George, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been sent to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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